

*Pist.* Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.  
*Ni.* I thanke thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to *Mistress Page*; and thou this to *Mistress Ford*: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become, And by my side weare Steele? then *Lucifer* take all.

*Ni.* I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly, Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, auant, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: seeke shelter, packe: *Falstaffe* will learne the honor of the age,

French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirtd *Page*.

*Pist.* Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore, Tetter ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke, Base *Phrygian* Turke.

*Ni.* I haue operations,

Which be humors of reuenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou reuenge?

*Ni.* By Welkin, and her Star.

*Pist.* With wit, or Steele?

*Ni.* With both the humors, I:

I will discusse the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

*Pist.* And I to *Page* shall eke vnfold

How *Falstaffe* (varlet vile)

His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

*Ni.* My humour shall not coole: I will incense *Ford* to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yallow-nesse, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I second thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

Enter *Mistress Quickly*, *Simple*, *John Rugby*, *Doctor Caius*, *Fenton*.

*Qu.* What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Casetment, and see if you can see my Master, Master *Doctor Caius* coming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

*Ru.* Ile goe watch.

*Qu.* Goe, and we'll haue a posser for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euery seruant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something peeuish that way: but no body but has his fault; but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is?

*Si.* I: for faulte of a better.

*Qu.* And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

*Si.* I forsooth.

*Qu.* Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

*Si.* No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

*Qu.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Si.* I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betwene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

*Qu.* How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were) and strut in his gate?

*Si.* Yes indeede do's he.

*Qu.* Well, heauen send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune: Tell Master *Parson Enams*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish—

*Ru.* Out alas: here comes my Master.

*Qu.* We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Clofset: he will not stay long: what *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I say? goe *John*, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (and downe, downe, adowne a, &c.)

*Ca.* Vay is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Clofset, vnboyteene verdy, a Box, a Greene-a-Box: do intend vay I speake? a Greene-a-Box.

*Qu.* I forsooth ile fetch it you:

I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.

*Ca.* Fe, fe, fe, mai, fey, il fait for ebande, le man voi a le Court la grand affaires.

*Qu.* Is it this Sir?

*Ca.* Ony mette le au mon pocket, de peech quickly:

Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

*Qu.* What *John Rugby*, *John*?

*Ru.* Here Sir.

*Ca.* You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jacks Rugby*: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

*Ru.* 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

*Ca.* By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: que n'yie oublie: dere is some Simples in my Clofset, dar I will not for the varld I shall leaue behind.

*Qu.* Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

*Ca.* O *Diable*, *Diable*: vat is in my Clofset?

Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

*Qu.* Good Master be content.

*Ca.* Wherefore shall I be content—a?

*Qu.* The yong man is an honest man.

*Ca.* What shall de honest man do in my Clofset: dere is no honest man dar shall come in my Clofset.

*Qu.* I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from *Parson Hugh*.

*Ca.* Vell.

*Si.* I forsooth: to desire her to—

*Qu.* Peace, I pray you.

*Ca.* Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

*Si.* To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to *Mistress Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of Marriage.

*Qu.* This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

*Ca.* Sir *Hugh* send-a you? *Rugby*, ballow mee some paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

*Qu.* I

*Qui.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so melancholly: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, y French *Doctor* my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

*Simp.* 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

*Qui.* Are you a-uis'd o' that: you shall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would haue no words of it) my Master himselfe is in loue with *Mistress Anne Page*: but notwithstanding that I know *Anns* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

*Caius.* You, lack 'Nape: giue-a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy lack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make:—you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.

*Qui.* Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter: a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall haue *Anne Page* for my selfe? by gar, I will kill de lack-Priest: and I haue appointed mine Host of de larteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I will my selfe haue *Anne Page*.

*Qui.* Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well: We must giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-ier.

*Caius.* *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

*Qui.* You shall haue *Anns* foolles head of your owne: No, I know *Anns* mind for that: neuer a woman in *Windsor* knowes more of *Anns* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

*Fenton.* Who's with in there, ho?

*Qui.* Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you.

*Fen.* How now (good woman) how dost thou?

*Qui.* The better that it pleases your good Worshipp to aske?

*Fen.* What newes? how do's pretty *Mistress Anne*?

*Qui.* In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it.

*Fen.* Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loofe my suit?

*Qui.* Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithstanding (Master *Fenton*) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loues you: haue not your Worshipp a wart aboue your eye?

*Fen.* Yes marry haue I, what of that?

*Qui.* Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another *Nay*: (but I dereft) an honest maid as euery broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart: I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) shee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you—well—goe too—

*Fen.* Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

*Qui.* Will I? I'faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worshipp more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

*Fen.* Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

*Qui.* Fare-well to your Worshipp: truly an honest Gentleman: but *Anns* loues him not: for I know *Anns* minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I forgot. *Exit.*

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Mistress Page*, *Mistress Ford*, *Master Page*, *Master Ford*, *Pistol*, *Nim*, *Quickly*, *Hott*, *Shallow*.

*Mist. Page.* What, haue scap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subiect for them? let me see?

Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Reason for his precisian, hee admits him not for his (Counsaillour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's sympathie: you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more sympathie: you loue sacke, and so do I: would you desire better sympathie? Let it suffice thee (*Mistress Page*) at the least if the Loue of Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee: I will not say pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:

Or any kinde of light, with all his might,

For thee to fight. *John Falstaffe.*

What a *Herod of Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To shew himselfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuersation, that he dares In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not bene thrice In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugal of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as fure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Mist. Ford.* *Mistress Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mist. Page.* And trust me, I was coming to you: you looke very ill.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay, Ile nere beleeeue that; I haue to shew to the contrary.

*Mist. Page.* Faith but you doe in my minde.

*Mist. Ford.* Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O *Mistress Page*, giue mee some counsaile.

*Mist. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mist. Ford.* O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

*Mist. Page.* Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?

*Mist. Ford.* If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted.

*Mist. Page.* What thou liest? Sir *Alice Ford*? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

*Mist. Ford.* Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worfe of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not sweare:

praise